



ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL:

A SATIRICAL POEM.

BY HORATIUS.

—DOMINUMQUE POTENTEM
IMPOSUIT. VIRGIL.

AND HE GAVE US A MIGHTY MINISTRY !

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THE intention of the following lines will perhaps be their only apology. Their Author is desirous of shewing, that while the Press swarms with the productions of ministerial poets (who indeed are every way worthy of their patrons) one voice, however weak, has dared to lift itself in the cause of independence. Hurry is in general no excuse for inaccuracy: but, upon the present occasion, the necessity of coming forth before the evaporation of the public interest and curiosity, may, perhaps, be some apology for errors, which time and the advice of friends might have corrected. That the cause of liberty can gain little from so feeble a support, is readily acknowledged; but the Author of the succeeding poem, so far from hoping to add fame to those whom he admires, will deem himself sufficiently happy, should the greatness of their merits rescue his production from an oblivion to which its defects would have otherwise eternally condemned it. He hopes, in short, not to bestow honour, but to escape contempt. He has no expec-

tation of making converts: for those who cannot think at all, and those who think only for pay, will never be converted by rhyme or reason: so that unless the poet and the statesman can coin their verses and their arguments into gold, neither verses nor arguments will ever promote a majority against ministers. The fable of Midas is strangely altered: that great man with a touch, could turn any thing into gold: but modern great men, when touched with gold, will turn into any thing. "Let the galled jade wince!"

HORATIUS.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL:

A POEM.

LET venal bards the gale of pow'r pursue,
And change, for profit, their cameleon hue ;
Still be it their's, like summer-birds to fly,
When summer suns no longer light the sky,
And meanly fleeting toward a warmer coast,
Like them to perish ere the wave be crost ;
But far from me be all the pimps of state,
That cog for great men, whosoe'er be great,

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*LINE 1.—Let venal bards the gale of pow'r pursue,
And change, for profit, their cameleon hue.*

The venality of the press is no new topic. But, perhaps, upon the present occasion, the poets, aye, and the prosers too, of certain daily works, thought it only respectful to the higher powers to copy their example, and change sides.—*Vide the Morning Herald, &c,*

In dedications prostitute their Muse,
 And lend her out for what she can produce; 10
 I, without hope of profit or of fame,
 Those lov'd attendants on a Patron's name,
 Invoke a being not possest of pow'r—
 One who has pass'd the dark and final hour,
 When Flattery ceases, with the hope of gain, 15
 And Envy dies, as dies the pow'r to pain.

Immortal Fox ! around whose marble bed
 Britannia's children mourn a parent dead,

*LINE 17.—Immortal Fox ! around whose marble bed
 Britannia's children mourn a parent dead.*

The great name of Fox is best celebrated by the review of British history for the last five and thirty years. If ever a human being united the talents and virtues of a poet, an orator, a philosopher, a statesman, a legislator, and a man, that being was Charles Fox. He was called the enemy of his country—yes, because he was a friend who gave us good advice, contrary to the inclination of our passions: because he acknowledged that Americans were freemen, and denied the right of England to model the constitution of France: because, considering that a state, as well as an individual, should be just and honourable, he raised his voice against oppression, even when his country was the oppressor, and deprecated the sallies of folly, even though his country was foolish: because he could never learn the convenient art of bending the general principles of virtue to the endless sinuosities of circumstance. It was always the misfortune of Great Britain that his counsels were followed too late. The excellence of his remedies was acknowledged when the patient was past cure. So the famous Dr. Meade used to say, “I should have more credit for medical success than I now have, but that people never send for me, till

Oh teach my dim and doubtful Muse to shine
With words that burn, and thoughts that glow like
thine, 20

Lend her thy pow'rs, to stem Oppression's tide,
To lash Presumption, Bigotry, and Pride,
To drag Corruption from her caves of night,
And force her forward on the public sight,
To track the knave through all his doubling chace,
And tear, at last, the vizor from his face ! 26

The sun had set, and night began to pour
Her gradual shadows on that silent hour,
When, undistracted by exterior calls,
Luxuriant Fancy lights her fairy halls, 30
Charms Art and Nature to her magic round,
Gives air a shape, and strikes ideal sound,
Restores the colouring of events gone by,
And clears the mist of dim futurity,

“ their disorder is desperate.” Mr. Fox, through a public course of almost unexampled length, displayed a firmness as unexampled: He withstood the allurements of wealth, and even the still more seductive temptations of power: he was almost the only great man of his time, whom no artifice could shake, whom no promises could buy; for, as Lord Camden has expressed it, “ his price was immortality, and he “ knew that posterity would pay it.”

Alone I sate, lamenting for the fate 35
Which darkly threaten'd Albion's breaking state,
No longer guided by the great and good
In safe progression o'er a dangerous flood,
But steered by pilots, ignorant and vain,
And rock'd by whirlwinds on a raging main. 40

While thus I mused, a mist began to rise,
And gather thick before my wond'ring eyes—
The clouds approached, and opening, as they rolled,
Their flaky silver and their glowing gold,
Disclos'd a form of more than mortal span, 45
Who rais'd his awful voice; and thus began:

Mourner, be still—thou seest before thee stand
The guardian genius of thy native land,
Not now as glorious as of yore I seemed,
When British steel on Gallic helmets gleam'd, 50
When Britain foremost deck'd the lists of fame,
And Europe trembled at a Briton's name.
Twice twenty winters do I now deplore
Misfortunes past, and mischiefs yet in store,
Since ill advice opprest a freeborn race 55
With laws, themselves assisted not to trace;

And madly thought, in War's alchemic mould,
To draw from English steel colonial gold,
Then hostile France, in eager haste to save,
Stretch'd her bold arm across th' Atlantic wave, 60
And our proud Courtiers, from their grandeur hurl'd,
Lost the vast empire of another world.
By crime and folly though of much bereft,
I still was great, for something still was left;
But scarcely yet this blow had spent its force, 65
When other ills began their fatal course:
When Chatham's son, diffusing rash alarms,
Rous'd this devoted land again to arms:
Sprang boldly forth the Quixote of the State,
And always foil'd, was always hail'd the Great, 70

*LINE 57.—And madly thought, in War's alchemic mould,
To draw from English steel colonial gold.*

Lord North's promises, and the performance of them, were abstracted in two lines by Mr. Fox, in one of his addresses to his Constituents: "He" (the Minister) "promised to give you a revenue from " America—It has ended in a house-tax on the City of Westminster. " He promised to lay America at your feet—America is now independent!"

Non hoc pollicitus tuis!

*LINE 69.—Sprang boldly forth, the Quixote of the State,
And always foil'd, was always hail'd the Great!*

If the promises that were made to us at the beginning of the American war failed in their events, have we been much more successful in realising the golden hopes thrown out by Mr. Pitt at the commencement of the French revolution? We, who raised our flags in proud disdain

Till Bankrupt France emerged from want and woe,
 With conquering steps advanc'd upon her foe,
 In backward tides bade British glory roll,
 And waved her flag from Cadiz to the Pole !

A moderate ruler caus'd my pangs to cease, 75
 And kindly blest me with a moment's peace ;
 But random sparks rekindled fierce and far
 The sleeping embers of the former war,
 Pitt once again commenced his active reign,
 And led the march of havock and of pain ! 80

of the infant republic, we and our allies, instead of entering the gates of Paris in triumph, were driven backward with unceasing motion, till Mr. Pitt had "survived the overthrow of almost every ally he had obtained, and witnessed the destruction of Flanders, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and the Germanic Empire!" Mr. Pitt certainly was a great orator—but facts *speak for themselves*!

*LINE 75.—A moderate ruler caus'd my pangs to cease,
 And kindly blest me with a moment's peace.*

Perhaps Lord Sidmouth is too scrupulous as to the Catholics; but some praises are unquestionably due to his Administration, and it is but fair he should have them. The people having been used to the violent measures of Mr. Pitt, thought Lord Sidmouth's administration weak: but when too much strong liquor has disordered the *constitution*, a dish of tea, or a little *milk and water* are sometimes very decent rectifiers.

Again he arm'd the world—but oh! how well,
The blood-stain'd fields of Austerlitz may tell,

*LINE 81.—Again he arm'd the world—but oh! how well,
The blood-stain'd fields of Austerlitz may tell,*

When Mr. Pitt entered into Administration for the last time, he took great credit to himself, and his friends assumed great credit on his account, for the wonderful effects which he *was to* bring about by his continental coalition. Chance was, in fact, the producer of the coalition: for it is not very likely that Mr. Pitt could *foresee*, at a period when Austria durst scarcely look around her, and when Russia was making professions of peaceable disposition, it is not likely that he even *imagined* a confederacy with those powers. Will it be said that Mr. Pitt *did* imagine and foresee all this, but thought fit to say nothing about it, for fear of divulging his secret intention to Bonaparte? Surely he could not suppose for a moment that his intention would continue secret, when all the journals teemed with prayers for such a connection; which prayers, however, we could not hope to see granted. That there may, indeed, have been a few speculatists who ventured to assert the probability of such a conjunction; it is vain to deny: political Prophets are every where to be found, but they ought to gain no credit for their prescience, unless they can shew that the position of affairs, *at the time of their prophecy*, gave them ground to imagine that, *by a regular chain of intermediate occurrences*, the event, of which they spoke, would probably come to pass. A guess in the dark is entitled to no degree of praise; for, if a dabbler in public affairs is accustomed to this political fortune-telling, the chances must be cruelly perverse if they are not sometimes in his favour. To a measure like the formation of this coalition, was necessary a comprehension of thought, the art of bringing at once into view all the different circumstances, and possible events, whose relations and bearings on each other, make it absolutely requisite that every particular should be duly considered, with regard to its general effect, in the whole. It was necessary to extend the view beyond the present, both to a retrospect of the past, and to a prospect of the

Where British counsels fill'd a foe's renown,
And Monarchs knelt before an upstart's crown !

future : to combine disagreements and reconcile improbabilities : to launch out boldly into that broad and general system, the pursuit of which alone can insure to Great Britain those solid and durable advantages, the security of independence at home, and the respect of the nations abroad. In affairs of so vast a weight, it was not penetration and activity of mind, nor the nice consideration of single and practical points, nor the knowledge of financial estimates, nor the calculation of revenue from a tax, nor all those separate and minute investigations, so well adapted to the restless disposition of Mr. Pitt, that could avail the subjects of this kingdom ; and never yet was the career of nations accelerated, nor the progress of ambition restrained, by schemes for obtaining recruits from a parish, or intrigues to secure a majority in the House of Commons !

When we consider the local situation of Austria, the miseries that she experienced from the incursions of the French during a great part of the late unfortunate war, and the animosity which must naturally be left in the bosoms of her plundered inhabitants, we cannot suppose that, where a sufficient probability of success was held out to their arms, they would wait for our intreaty alone to rouse them into the preservation of their existence ; and yet when our intreaty was super-added to these causes, we do not find that intreaty operating very strongly in our favour ; nor, indeed, when we reflect upon the nature of the intercourse that passed between the Cabinets of Vienna and St. Cloud, the insecurity of the Germanic States, the defection of Bavaria, and the general condition of the Continent, can we see the smallest reason to believe in the magic powers of Mr. Pitt's persuasion. When, lastly, we advert to the declarations that were published by France, intended to reduce the independence of the Emperor of Austria, to fetter the proceedings of his councils, to limit the supplies that he destined for his forces, to put a stop to the erection of fortifications and establishment of garrisons, intended, in a word, to tear away the claws and teeth of the Austrian Lion, we cannot be surprised that, at length, the repetition of insult and the terror of destruction

A great destroyer, greater yet than he, 85
Attack'd him soon and set my children free;

should have roused the indignation of Germany, and urged her to abandon, for measures more decisive, the pacific dispositions, which, as long as it was consistent with her honour, she had struggled to maintain, notwithstanding the certainty of assistance from Great Britain, and the urgency of our envoys at Vienna. So little effect had the influence of our court on the line of conduct which Austria had prescribed to herself, that, even at so late a period as that of the Austrian rejoinder to the second declaration of France, which was almost instantly followed by the commencement of hostilities, the determination of clinging to peace, as long as peace could be preserved on a substantial basis, was added to the spirited assertion of right, which was called forth by the insolence of France. At length, indeed, when the concurrence of all these events had finally determined the Emperor to war, he chose to commence his hostilities in concert with England; but it does not appear that he considered himself as an adjunct and appendage of Great Britain, but rather as a principal in the contest. And these opinions are confirmed by one of the declarations of Austria, in which she talks of her alliance with Russia, and even with Prussia, who had not, at that time, declared, while not the smallest mention was even made of England's Alliance, though England was at that moment engaged in hostilities against France. The Emperor, indeed, accepted our subsidies, but we must not thence conclude that he was influenced by us; since, according to the policy which, for many years past, has directed the counsels of our ministers, we should subsidize any state whatever on the continent, whose efforts for preserving the balance of power, and checking the inroads of France, could contribute in any degree to our own preservation; and this, whether previously to the declaration of hostilities, we should hasten the proceedings of that state or not, whether they should declare themselves our allies, or profess to act unassisted. And yet, *Mr. Pitt was the cause of the Austrian Armaments!*

But let us turn over our eyes upon Russia, the other leading interest in the continental confederacy. For two years had Russia hung

Then milder counsels reached the royal ear,
And check'd injustice, bigotry, and fear,

in doubt as to the part which she should assume upon the theatre of Europe. And, at length, for what purpose did she take up arms? for the assistance of England? and for the love which Alexander bore to Mr. Pitt? Was it not rather for the preservation of her own territories? for the preservation of those dangers, to which she saw she must be exposed, when the inordinate ambition of the Corsican, swelled by conquest, and rendered irresistible by the consciousness of superiority, should have extended his empire to the frontiers of Russia, and threatened the safety of St. Petersburg; when France, no longer contented with the empire of the land, should realize the threats which Bonaparte held out, and spread her fleets from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Frozen Sea? Was it not that Russia, actuated by principles of the soundest policy, perceived that her position at the extremity of Europe ought to fix her, as a point of repulsion, within the influence of which foreign ambition should never be suffered to intrude itself? And yet, perhaps, there is one point of view, in which Mr. Pitt may be considered as having been instrumental toward the formation of that confederacy. The political poisons applied by him, may, perhaps, have effected some benefit to the state, like the natural poisons which are now so fashionable in the *materia medica*; for it seems exceedingly probable, that the precipitancy of his measures, and the uniform misadventure of his administration, may have, in several instances, occasioned Bonaparte to run greater lengths than he would otherwise have ventured, and taught him to believe that he might proceed to almost any extremities, without fear of punishment. Then Bonaparte, very naturally, respected our passive friends as little as he regarded ourselves, till, long trodden upon, those allies at last turned round and threatened revenge. Thus Mr. Pitt, if not by his genius, may possibly have produced that coalition by his rashness.

But if he is to have the merit of the good effects that *might have been* produced by his plan of coalition, surely it is but just that he

Domestic wisdom propp'd my weak finance,
And foreign succour check'd the march of France. 90
And now again the King's supreme commands
Have call'd the signets from his servants' hands,
And thou, in silence, solitude, and grief,
Lamentest changes not without relief:
For short and anxious shall the moments be 95
Of Pride and Weakness, Sloth, and Tyranny,
And Royal Goodness shall again restore
The wise and virtuous, to depart no more,
In either House, from ministerial ranks,
Shall start a dupe, with some address of thanks, 100
And soon, repenting of his bold intent,
Shrink from the manly sense of Parliament,

should also take the demerits of the mischief which *actually have* occurred in that plan. His bitterest enemies need wish no fouler *discredit* to his fame, than the *credit* of a scheme which terminated in the battle of Austerlitz!!!

LINE 88.—*And check'd injustice, bigotry, and fear,*
Domestic wisdom propp'd my weak finance,
And foreign succour check'd the march of France.

All the talents have done nothing for us! They have only—abolished the slave trade, proposed a measure, which, if executed, would save us from further taxation, and, with the assistance of Russia, humbled the Corsican and the Turk, besides one or two other little exploits not worth mentioning.

LINE 101.—*And soon repenting of his bold intent,*
Shrink from the manly sense of Parliament.

The country has seen with horror the *versatile genius* of some of

To weak compeers a nation's voice convey,
And strike his flying friends with ruin and dismay!

The Genius ceas'd, and, as he touch'd my eyes, 105
I saw St. Stephen's Chapel round me rise,
Before me then, erected high in air,
Rose the proud fabric of the Speaker's chair;
And either clerk below, sedate and big,
Reared the huge honours of a powder'd wig. 110
These mighty leaders stretch'd to left and right,
Their anxious squadrons armed for fiercest fight:

—And first respect, since there respect is due,
Directs my pen, ye Ministers, to you:
You all came *in*, of course, from modest doubt 115
Lest sweet respect might never greet you, *out*;

its representatives, who have run over to the Ministerial side of the House, at a week's warning. But though the P-rc-v-ls, C-nn-ngs, and C-stl-r-ghs have carried one or two points, while they are making a desperate stand, and keeping all their friends in readiness, yet they surely do not suppose that they shall be able to do business in the face of two hundred and twenty-six members, or continue to preserve voters, that can have so little hope of a *permanent situation*. The prospect, too, is at present particularly delightful and consolatory to the country, when a strong opposition keeps down a weak government, and when that government is not endeavouring to prepare schemes for the good of the nation, but must, from the very nature of the case, be occupied in hunting up majorities to preserve themselves in their places!

Full well aware, that office might obtain
The reverend bow your talents ne'er could gain.
You can't do honour to your place, 'tis true :
Why then, 'tis fair your place should honour you :
So take the credit of the robes you win, 121
And boldly bray beneath your lion's skin !

First of the band intrepid C-nn-ng stood,
In sporting language, quite a bit of blood.
Pitt ventur'd first to smooth his flying mane, 125
Taught him to champ the bit, and feel the rein,
Curb'd the proud sallies of his frolick youth,
And staunch'd the foaming of his ardent mouth.
Pitt once resolved, in some good natur'd freak,
To take young George and teach him how to speak,
Saw, that the lad in flowery language ran, 131
And rashly said he'd make him a great man.
The pupil's will, indeed, was very hearty,
Yet Pitt made no great man—but Bonaparte.
Now, like a stage struck 'prentic, C-nn-ng starts,
And here and there each straining eye-ball darts, 136
Works the vast engine of his labouring wits,
Till all the house expect he'll drop in fits,
Then hard he strives to look a little wise,
And speaks, and stamps, and stares, and bawls, and
thumps, and cries ! 140

Ye gentle stars ! in what absurd vagary
 Did you make C-nn-ng Foreign Secretary ?
 When shall that young enthusiast learn the art
 To act with prudence this exalted part ?
 Indeed I know no part which act he could— 145
 Except, perhaps, Sylvester Daggerwood !

Another Secretary near him stands,
 With all the war department on his hands ;
 In amorous mood he now returns to kiss
 The roseate bed of ministerial bliss. 150
 Yes, doubly dear is truant power to thee,
 Soft, supple, sweet, complying C-stl-r-gh !
 Thou, like some tender spouse, whose fickle wife
 Has left his bed to lead a naughty life,
 Hast wo'd dear power to bring thee back her
 charms, 155
 And sunk once more within her luscious arms !
 If men shall deem it but a venial sin
 To hold no creed but that of keeping in,

*LINE 149.—In amorous mood he now returns to kiss
 The roseate bed of ministerial bliss.*

Vide one of Lord C-stl-r-gh's early speeches in opposition to the last administration. When his Lordship and his friends again quit the roses, may we hope they will take their leaves for ever ?

Consistent folks shall gladly pardon thee,
True to thy tenets, constant C-stl-r-gh ! 160
If fame be due to soporific pow'rs,
That bear a speaker through three tedious hours,
Each nodding head that rests upon the knee,
Shall snore thy praises, opiate C-stl-r-gh !
If any fool there be, who loves to hear 165
Speech, plentiful and thin, as sour small beer,
Let him extol thy pointless repartee,
And flippant flatness, fluent C-stl-r-gh !
If glory crown a patriot who can show
Three solid *strings* to one unworthy *bow*, 170
Who friend to Pitt, grows shortly Sidmouth's friend,
Who turns to Pitt, when Sidmouth's glories end,
Who, losing Pitt, displays a gleam of sense,
And quits his post with fitting diffidence,
But, leaving office, feels a parting pain, 175
Sighs for a place and sidles in again :—
Before thy worth all other merits flee,
Hail ! hail ! thrice hail ! eternal C-stl-r-gh !
When M-lgr-v-'s puppy flounder'd in the wave,
You plung'd and snatch'd it from a wat'ry grave—

*LINE 179.—When M-lgr-v-'s puppy flounder'd on the wave,
You plunged and snatch'd it from a wat'ry grave.*

The memorable exploit of the noble Secretary in rescuing his friend's dog from merciless winds and waters, deserves to be recorded

You'll show your swimming though you spoil your
breeches,

181

Nor use your art of sinking—but in speeches.

in letters of gold—or perhaps, considering the person, letters of brass
would be more meet :

—*Aere perennior,
Quem non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
Possint diruere.*

His Lordship's humanity extends to the preservation of a puppy, but does not reach the deliverance of a Catholic. This noble Lord seems to be most particularly unfortunate, for not only sense, reason, and sound principle have, for some cause or other, been his uniform opposers, but even words, words which he loves and uses so amply, ungrateful words themselves conspire against him, with all the petty artillery of antithesis and pun. When a celebrated Marchioness, with the assistance of the honourable family of the Hills, succeeded in gaining for Colonel Mead the representation of the County of Down, formerly *executed* by Lord C-sti-r-gh, an unmerciful wag observed that it was *natural* his Lordship should fail, for that the very *Hills and Meads* had *risen against him*: and when, shortly afterwards, he jumped into the water for this heroic purpose, it was said, that a person who went on so *swimimingly*, could never *get Down*, even in the water. Such was the reward that the Irish people bestowed on the man who had done so much by a general Union, towards disincumbering them of certain silly notions about independence, national honour, the glory of a resident nobility, and the pride of a magnificent metropolis. Very hard, indeed, that after running to and fro to all the boroughs in Ireland, and buying them up for Ministers, he should be disappointed of his own favourite seat, and wander desolate and forlorn, sometimes on land and sometimes in the water! The subtle Ulysses was a joke to him.

Ανδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μῆσα, πολύτροπον, ὃς μάλα πολλα
Πλάγχθη, ετει Τροιῆς ιερὸν πολιεθρον ἔπειρσε.

Now, more blind puppies float in ticklish trim,
 And duck, and dive, and scarcely hope to swim,
 And to preserve them on their stormy sea, 185
 They ask thy aid, aquatic C-stl-r-gh !
 Console thy friends, bid all their terrors fly,
 Their lives are safe, though seas run mountain
 high ;

Πολλῶν δ' αὐθρώπων ἴδεν αὐτα, καὶ νόον εγγύω.

Πολλὰδ' ὅγ' ἐν πόντῳ παθεν ἀλγεα ὅν κατὰ θυμὸν,

Αρνύμενος οὐτε ψυχὴν καὶ νόσον ἔλασσων.

Αλλ' εδ' ὡς ἔλάρες ἐρρύσατο τεμενός περ.

Αὐτῷ γὰρ σφετέρησιν ἀλασθαλίησιν ὄλοντο.

Hom. Odyssey, B. I. l. i.

Which, for the benefit of the country gentlemen, is thus translated :

Muse, sing me that *man with many strings to his bow* ; (*πολύποτον*,) who *erred most deeply*, (*μάλα πολλὰ πλάγια χθη*,) after he had undone the sacred city (not indeed of Troy, but of his own country.) He saw the towns of many men (their boroughs) and knew the minds of many men (as well he might, for he had been attached to many parties) and many sufferings did he undergo *by water*, desiring his own safety and the return of his colleagues (with himself, into power). But his colleagues were not to be saved *by his zeal*, for they ruined themselves by their own follies.

It is a pity the noble Lord was not appointed to the *Admiralty*, for there, perhaps, his experience might have enabled him to *keep our heads above water*.

Heaven and the proverb still prolong their date,
And kindly keep them *for another fate* !

190

Next was a chief, just rais'd to new degrees,
The would-be tenant of Lancastrian Fees,
Who, bred a lawyer, laid his wig aside,
To strut and swagger in Exchequer pride.

Why did the little Barrister submit
To pass a post for which he might be fit,
And, call'd a good Attorney-General once,
Attack the treasury to be dubb'd a dunce ?

So when at York the comic actor tried
To attitudinize in tragic pride,
The people laugh'd, and almost stopp'd the play,
And poor Pillgarlick was oblig'd to say :

“ Ladies and Gentlemen, you're not aware—
“ I'm here a tragic, not a comic play'r.”

Can P-rc-v-l, by such an explanation,
Excuse all errors in his calculation ?
Or would the public ever sit to hear
Cooke acting Scrub, and Lewis playing Lear ?

195

200

205

*LINE 189.—Heaven and the proverb still prolong their date,
And kindly keep them for another fate !*

We will not affront men of *their penetration* by repeating this homely proverb ; indeed it is not seemly to “ talk of a rope”—besides “ *verbum sat—sapienti.*”

Corruption comes—my Muse shall hold her nose,
And sing the stinking credit of G-rg- R-s- : 210
R-s-, who, through twenty years of golden rest,
Smooth'd the snug foldings of his feather'd nest,
And, lately frighten'd from his haunts of prey,
Flapp'd his broad wings and slowly flew away ;
Behold him now, on safe continuance bent, 215
With posts and pensions ply the parliament,
And make amends for all his want of wit,
By still repeating, that he serv'd with Pitt.

LINE 217.—*And make amends for all his want of wit,
By still repeating that he serv'd with Pitt.*

Other Administrations have thought it necessary to assume a title ; and even this Administration, nameless before, have now, like the first, second, and third Citizens, Muleteers, &c. in the play-bills, been dignified with a name of their own : that new name is “ *The School of Pitt.* ” This is not the most proper place to enter into a question of the confidence which the country ought to place in people who pretend to hold, at second hand, the principles by which the country was so much injured in the first instance ; but it is worth while to consider how the scholars have followed the tenets of their master. Mr. Pitt was, or pretended to be, the friend of Catholic Emancipation—and upon the question of Catholic Emancipation he resigned his office. The present Ministers declare that Catholic Emancipation would ruin the Church, and upon the question of Catholic Emancipation they have come into place. Mr. Pitt was, or pretended to be, a friend to the Abolition of the Slave Trade—that abolition, which the master supported, is reprobated by the pupils. Lord H-wk-sb-ry, one of the leading members of the present Administration, was declared by Mr. Pitt, six years ago, unworthy to be trusted with the Government :

But if men honour'd Pitt, are men such fools,
That men of course must honour all his tools,
And fear the engines used by Chatham's son
As simple Friday worshipp'd Crusoe's gun?

Behind were rank'd a much mistaken clan
Of Irish, led by Doctor D--g-n-n.
There H-sk-ss-n spit forth his harmless scorn,
And Lord de Bl-q---r- stood with St--rg-s B--rn-.

From scenes so dark, I gladly turn away,
Seek opposition ranks, and greet the day!

yet Lord H-wk-sb-ry rests his claims upon the countenance of Mr. Pitt. Lord C-stl-r-gh was the agent of Mr. Pitt, it is true, in negotiating the Emancipation of the Catholics as the price of a union; but is Lord C-stl-r-gh now preserving the tenor of conduct which he then professed to approve, and in which his master appears to have encouraged him? Mr. P-rc-v-l is a new man, and can have known little more of Mr. Pitt than his face and his voice. Mr. C-n-n-ng, indeed, was attached to Mr. Pitt, and knew him intimately; but surely it is high time to dissolve a school, of which Mr. C-n-n-ng is the only legitimate disciple and principal supporter!

LINE 223.—*Behind were rank'd a much mistaken clan
Of Irish, led by Doctor D--g-n-n.*

Of Dr. D-g-n-n these notes shall not speak—for to expose the follies and crimes of madmen and bigots, is, indeed, almost as endless and hopeless a task as it would be to find reasons and excuses for their conduct.

There, ranged in order, many a patriot stood,
High in his deeds, as noble in his blood. 230
Unshaken Howick there upreared his hand,
And, boldly tow'ring, led his faithful band,
To pride and power oppos'd a rampart wall,
Great in his height, and greater in his fall;
And link'd with Grenville, say'd our sinking
laws, 235

A glorious colleague in a glorious cause !
Illustrious pair ! when pledges were desired
To crush the plans that faith and sense required,
To cramp your counsels with illegal force,
And sway beforehand your contingent course, 240
The constitution found her stay in you,
True to yourselves, and to your country true !

*LINE 241.—The Constitution found her stay in you,
True to yourselves, and to your country true !*

Far be it from the writer of these pages, to impute to his Majesty any other motives than the most upright and conscientious ones. But yet, if we consider the case before us with impartial eyes, we shall hardly be able to pronounce, that, under any circumstances, it would be allowable for a Minister to make a promise restrictive of his future discretionary powers. When a man is playing at chess, can he ever expect to win a game, if, before the commencement of that game, he has given a pledge, that whatever may be the manœuvres of his adversaries, he will keep a certain number of his men unmoved? Surely then, to compare great things with small, such pledges are inconsistent with a spirit of a free constitution, inasmuch as they de-

Oh, why did heaven withhold from mortal eye
The anxious scenes of dark futurity,

stroy the free agency of the very persons, who, being appointed to save the state from convulsion, have the greatest need of perfect ease and full discretion.

But there are some persons who allow the propriety of refusing the pledge, yet who deny the fitness of *publishing* that refusal. They tell us, that the Sovereign has most indecorously been brought before a tribunal of his people, in order to try an issue between K--ng G--rg-- and K--ng Gr--nv--ll-- : that the terms in which was couched the reservation of a future discretionary right, were highly unbecoming : and that Mr. Pitt, when he retired from office, retired with much greater dignity and magnanimity. The answers to all these reproaches are surely obvious and easy. In the first place, more had been expected from the late administration than from any former one. It was said to comprise *all the talents* of the country ; and the country hoped, as it has indeed been proved, that they possessed as much probity as talent. They had introduced a measure into Parliament which they were compelled to abandon—was it not necessary to their characters that they should give some explanation of their seeming inconsistency ? Or would any man, conscious of his own purity, retire from office amid the sneers of suspicion, when a word could clear his character ? No—a great man, indeed, when required, ought to sacrifice power and place—but he never will sacrifice his honour. Then, how has the Sovereign been indecorously brought to trial before his people ? Was there any thing derogatory to majesty in the highly respectful explanations of Lords Gr--nv--ll-- and H--w--ck ? or is a suspicion of the royal displeasure to be gathered from the very flattering terms in which his Majesty was pleased to take leave of those noble Lords ? In the second place, as to the terms in which the reservation of right was couched, it is said, that in a private quarrel, no gentleman, when treating of an accommodation, would employ such a phrase as “*indispensably necessary.*” Are not the persons who make use of this language, in reality

If man, whate'er betide, one course may choose, 245
And bind himself, while fortune still is loose?
Not yet does Britain such a blow sustain :
Men have been chang'd, but principles remain.
Grenville and Howick ! truly great and just !
Still to your conduct shall the nation trust ! 250
When all your party pour'd their cheering ray,
To cast a sunshine o'er the desert way,
You, like the cloud that guided Israel's race,
Shone in the skies, and march'd before our face.

the degraders of the Royal Dignity, when they let down their Sovereign to the situation of a quarrelsome fellow, with whom an adjustment is endeavoured ? Surely the Royal Dignity is above equalization ; and those terms, which, to a private person, in a private quarrel, might be objectionable, no longer bear the same meanings in a public representation to a King. It would be rude and insulting to accost a gentleman with *thou*, and *thee* : but there is no disrespect in those terms when addressed to the Supreme Being. In short, what is to become of English liberty, if the reservation of a constitutional right is to convert a freeman into a traitor ? As to the last head of charge, the silent magnanimity of Mr. Pitt, it may surely be observed, without malice to that eminent statesman, that, when he went out of office, his retirement was accompanied with a mysterious sort of understanding—the country expected, and there is good reason to think that Mr. Pitt expected also, to return very shortly to the place he had quitted ; and it would have been by no means politic to make a *fracas* just at that time. So much for accusations and comparisons.

And, though the beams that cheer'd us then have set, 255

Oh watch our wanderings, and preserve us yet,
Still o'er the deserts raise your guiding light,
And blaze, the pillars of the lonely night !

Not far from these, at Sheridan's command,
Stood the gay phalanx of a lighter band. 260
He, silent long, now loos'd his tongue again,

And gallop'd fancy with a flowing rein.

The *unwholesome sloth*, and *close relaxing heat*
That fills the lungs upon the *treasury seat*,

Weaken'd his powers : he lov'd the bracing air 265
At the left elbow of the Speaker's chair.

Great as e'en now he is, look back to nature,
And you must wonder that he is not greater :

To him a soul of loftiest flight was given,
The noblest portion of indulgent heaven, 270

And powerful argument, and wit refin'd,

By turns came flashing from his pregnant mind.

If tricks of state his fairy genius rouse,

He sports the light heel'd Ariel of the House,

On bolder subjects bids his frame dilate, 275

And stalks, Colossus of the vast debate.

Yet, by neglect, he ever must remain

The hamper'd manager of Drury-Lane,

To envious dullness lend a constant handle,
And walk about, a living School for Scandal ! 280

A straiter course did Wh-tbr-d still pursue,
And boldly did, what duty bade him do :
Unaw'd by power, he track'd suspected sin,
And, greatly vanquished, only failed to win !
His was a mind disdainful of retreat, 285
Calm in success, unbroken in defeat ;
To him, when raised on oratoric wing,
Imagination breathed her sweetest spring ;
Judgment on him her clearest beams diffus'd,
And ardour sped the course that wisdom had
induc'd. 290

Nor yet inferior in his great degree,
Stood the fair scion of a lofty tree,
Illustrious P-tty : whose most heinous crime
Is that his wits have got the start of time ;
A poor stale joke, in vain employed to jeer him, 295
By fools that hate him, and by knaves that fear him.

*LINE 293.—Illustrious P-tty : whose most heinous crime
Is that his wits have got the start of time ;
A poor stale joke, in vain employed to jeer him,
By fools that hate him, and by knaves that fear him.*

When those, who, having grown old in office, and grown old in
guilt also, perceive the sun of early merit breaking above the hori-

Still may he thrive in flowing eloquence,
 In quick perception, and in manly sense,
 Still greatly march, where Fox has led the way,
 And rise the Chatham of a future day !

300

With these stood W-ndh-m, armed with sword
 and bow,
 The shifting terror of the coward foe,

zon, it is natural they should wish to hang their thick clouds about the dawning luminary, and endeavour to prolong the reign of night and Chaos.

Ye, who the rising morn invidious mark,
 And hate the light, because your deeds are dark,
 Perhaps your little hands presume to span
 The march of genius, and the pow'rs of man !

Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

By way of depreciating Lord H-nry P-tty, we have heard wretched puns and wretched rhymes, comparing him to Master Betty, the theatrical Tom Thumb. But the only reason for attaching ridicule to the name of Master Betty, is that he attempted characters for which he was not fit—now Lord H-nry P-tty has never attempted any for which he was not fit. On the contrary, he has done more for us, with the assistance probably of Lord Gr-nv-lle, than has been effected since the organization of the Sinking Fund. It will, one may hope, be a difficult matter, to persuade the English people of the insufficiency of a Minister, who would have saved them from an increase of taxes. Mr. Pitt, the idol of the other party, was much younger than his Lordship at the commencement of his long administration; and Mr. Pitt never established such an institution as a Committee of Economical Reform, for the abolition of unnecessary places, sinecures, perquisites, and all the other nests that breed caterpillars to suck away the juices of the state.

Now with a close and weighty argument,
Their souls he daunted and their strength he bent;
Now, gently teasing, gall'd them in their seat, 305
With slings of wit, and arrows of conceit.

Last, but not least, a venerable name,
The patriot Gr-tt-n to the combat came.
His was a soul that knew no touch of ill,
A magic organ formed with nicest skill, 310
And never yet has rude Oppression's blast
O'er its fine chords in sweeping fury past,
But all the strings have spread the alarm amain,
And struck the skies with more than mortal strain!
Many illustrious members shar'd the toil, 315
Temple, and Grenville, Romilly, and Doyle,
Sharp, Morris, Wilson, Plumer, Fawkes, and
Byng,
Calcraft, and more whom time forbids to sing.

First, in the conscious pride of pow'r and place,
Did chuckling R-se exalt his glowing face: 320

MR. R-SE.

I rise to move our thanks, Sir, to the King,
Who lets us back into so snug a thing.

I, for my own part, feel extremely grateful,
 And of my thanks would let him have a hatful,
 For All the Talents don't so lick the dishes, 325
 But that they leave us still some loaves and fishes.
 What did the Talents know of State Affairs,
 Of Loans and Lotteries, Funds, and Bulls and
 Bears ?

Our skill in business no one can deny,
 My friends were in before, and so was I ; 330
 And I, when out, perplex'd, with nice finance,
 The noble Lord who practises to dance ;
 And now I mean, Sir, to preserve the nation
 By arithmetical consideration.
 The foes of Britain to their homes I'll fix; 335
 For, Sir, I know that three and three are six.
 I'll punish France whene'er she shall transgress,
 For, Sir, I know the public offices.

*LINE 331.—And I, when out, perplex'd with nice finance,
 The noble Lord who practises to dance,*

This dancing is another of the good jokes against the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, by the bye, has not in fact danced more than once or twice. Mr. R-se, who is here speaking, takes no more than a just credit to himself, for his frequent and technical interruptions of the late Ministers, who, from want of practice, had not completely learnt, in half a year, the forms and methods of all the public offices.—Mr. R-se certainly had the advantage of them in this sort of knowledge.

E'en Pitt himself was scarce so great as I,
 For, Sir, I know the way to multiply. 340
 I therefore move, Sir, that we *come and bring*
A meek Address to our most gracious King
 Because he, *in his gracious calculation*,
Has turn'd out all the talents of the nation !

LORD H-W-CK.

Some motions, Sir, I have conceiv'd absurd, 345
 But one so mad as this I never heard :
 His Majesty was pleased to end our sway :
 His will is law and we of course obey ;
 But what good purpose will the nation gain,
 By those Right Honourable Members' reign ? 350
 If peace were likely, would such men as these
 Obtain a just, an honourable peace,
 And teach the leader of a hostile land
 To heed a treaty by their counsels plann'd ?
 Or, if we still must drag the iron car 355
 Of that dread dæmon, desolating war,

LINE 339.—*E'en Pitt himself was scarce so great as I,*
For, Sir, I know the way to multiply.

That great man was not famous for recruiting, by his *private exertions*, the supplies of human live stock which he *destroyed* in his *public capacity*.

Will its red wheels inspire the slightest fears,
 When men like these are plac'd as charioteers ?
 These trembling rulers hatch a dark intent,
 Of chasing forth a stubborn Parliament, 360
 To cheat the people and besiege the throne,
 With pension'd knaves and creatures of their own.
 But let each patriot cast away his fears ;
 Say, can their might dissolve the House of Peers ?
 Or will the pride of ninety Lords retreat, 365
 Bow at their call, and kiss their dirty feet ?
 Yes, while our conscience speaks our conduct just,
 To *honest Peers* we fearlessly shall trust ;
 Their's was of late the glory to display
 The brightest beams that gilt our little day ; 370
 When, led by them, we bade the negro stand
 The fearless tenant of his native land,

*LINE 359.—These trembling rulers hatch a dark intent,
 Of chasing forth the stubborn Parliament.*

Vide the conclusion of Mr. Secretary Canning's speech on Mr. Brand's resolutions for the safeguard of the constitution : that speech which ended by threatening the members, that if they did not vote with Ministers, the Parliament should be dissolved. Such a circumstance, indeed, would be productive of very considerable inconvenience to some eighty members, who have very lately given 4000*l.* a piece for their seats !

*LINE 371.—When, led by them, we bade the negro stand
 The fearless tenant of his native land.*

It would be needless here to recapitulate the arguments for the

Restor'd the course of heav'n's impartial plan,
And sign'd a charter for the rights of man !

An able statesman, who is now no more, 375
Who work'd those puppets, and whom they adore,
Informed us plainly, that, with men like those,
He gave command and counted not a nose.
And shall we follow, now the chief is gone,
Systems, supported by that chief alone ? 380

abolition of the Slave Trade, arguments, concerning which, we can only wonder that it should ever have been necessary to repeat them at all. If, at the judgment seat of impartial futurity, or the still higher tribunal of heaven, accusations for petty oversights, almost inseparable from human nature, shall be brought against the members of the late administration, shall they not be pardoned ? aye, and glorified too—when they shall exclaim : True ; we have not done every thing ; but we have struggled for liberty : we have succeeded in restoring the independence of Africa : we perished in the attempt to emancipate Ireland !

*LINE 377.—Informed us plainly, that, with men like those,
He gave command, and counted not a nose.*

This may have been to Mr. Pitt himself, a very comfortable way of doing business—and not disagreeable to those who were paid for running on his errands neither. But these people, whose noses he professed never to count, though they might have kept moving while the spring that actuated them was in operation, can hardly roll on their wheels, now that spring is broken. They may, perhaps, be like fire : which is proverbially said to be a useful servant, but a dangerous master.

Systems abhorred by sound and sober sense,
 But varnished bright by sovereign eloquence ?
 Still'd is the voice that lull'd our wits to sleep,
 While bloodshed stain'd our Albion's chalky steep,
 Mute is the tongue that rang above the storm, 385
 And promised still, still failing to perform !
 And shall we now confide in such a crew,
 And hope from them what Pitt could never do,
 And calmly hear them sound the march of death,
 In feeble echoes of his trumpet breath ? 390
 If our distress, just heav'n, be past relief,
 Grant us to fall beneath a noble chief,
 Then if we perish, we thy will obey—
 But let us perish in the face of day !

MR. C-NN-NG.

I little thought, I own, Sir, to have heard 395
 My friend's proposal treated as absurd ;
 But though the noble Lord thought this unfit,
 Why should he run a-tilt at Mr. Pitt ?
 When will that noble Lord be half so able ?
 (*Here Mr. C-nn-ng stoutly thumped the table.*) 400
 Sir, I had that great Statesman's confidence :
 He knew my calmness, temper, and good sense.—

(a laugh)

(*Here Mr. C-nn-ng raised his angry voice,
And with clench'd knuckles thump'd the table thrice*)
The House laugh now—they would not were he
here : 405

But, Sir, his like will not again appear :
And, Sir, some folks are fools, I tell them that,
And know no more about it than my hat :
Madmen, prepared for treason and for murder,
And—(*here the gentleman was called to order.*) 410

*LINE 403.—Here Mr. C-nn-ng raised his angry voice,
And with clench'd knuckles thump'd the table thrice.*

Any body who has heard a speech from that Right Hon. Secretary, will feel considerable horror at the recollection of his impetuosity. He, perhaps, resembles, in his rhetorical course, the river Niagara more than any other object in nature : for, indeed, he roars, and stuns, and foams, and frets, and falls—and has every attribute of the before-mentioned river, except its grandeur and importance. His agonies sometimes choak him into stillness, when his apprehensions of losing his place increase upon him ; but as soon as office has finally escaped from his grasp, who does not know his unbounded agonies ?

The *boy* thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird *in silence* eyes,
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries !

Beggar's Opera.

LORD HENRY P-TTY.

Sir, when we treat the tenets of a school,
It seems but just to scan the master's rule.

*LINE 411.—Sir, when we treat the tenets of a school,
It seems but fair to scan the master's rule.*

We have in a former note taken a survey of the pretensions of the scholars; of the master himself it is easy to pronounce a character. Those who have been enriched by his loans and his contracts, those who have been fastened as leeches on their country by his pension-lists, and those who have been exalted from the dirt by his peerages, will, with all their connections, admire the powers of a man, who could sacrifice millions of treasure, and myriads of men. Perhaps his admirers may be pleased with the following sketch of his greatness: it has been put into the shape of a song, in order to suit his Bacchanalian survivors,

SONG TO THE MEMORY OF MR. PITT.

A wreath for the dead that may lose not its greenness,
With laurel, and olive, and plaintain, we'll frame,
We'll mingle the vine with the myrtle of Venus,
And hang up the wreath in the temple of fame!
Let us drink to the shade of the mighty departed,
The rival of Chatham, his deified son:
—Who rose overweening, but fell broken hearted,
And sighed for a country himself had undone!

O pay him the tribute of private affection,
Ye friends whom he trusted, ye fair whom he lov'd:
—And comes there not one, at the sad recollection,
Whose bosom he prest, or whose worth he approved?

My Noble Friend with candour disapprov'd :
 The Treasury deify, because they lov'd.
 But if a Member, when he sees a fault, 415
 May censure plans that Ministers exalt,

Let Britain long toast, with a public emotion,
 Her heaven-born Pilot who weathered the storm :
 —But Britain is lost on a perilous ocean,
 Which clouds overshadow and tempests deform !

Let Europe fill high to the man by whose prowess
 The soldiers of France were predestined to fall :
 —But a soldier has seized on the sceptre of Louis,
 And Europe at large is a province of Gaul !
 Let Ireland drink deepest, and gratefully cheering
 Remember his pledge, and the vows that he swore :
 —But the sun has gone down on the grandeur of Erin,
 And districts disfranchised are loyal no more !

Let Africa toast, in her palmy plantations,
 The patron who vaunted his will as a creed :
 —But twenty long years he harangued for her nations,
 And twenty long years they continued to bleed.
 Then a chaplet of laurel, perennial in greenness,
 With olive and plantain for him let us frame,
 Let us mingle the vine with the myrtle of Venus,
 And hang up the wreath in the temple of Fame !

Even now the sufferings of Europe proclaim his glory ! We lament the degradation of the Continent—it is an emblem of our Minister's greatness ! We groan for the wounds of Ireland—they are the posthumous energies of his healing spirit ! We mourn for our countrymen deceased—they are the monuments of his might ! We tremble at the march of France—it is the moving record of his fame !

I will not help to crown their idol's head,
Nor condescend to flatter e'en the dead.

Our test of fame is benefit received :

The guide is gone, and what has he atchieved ? 420
Some heroes live, though time has turned their glass,
In tombs of stone, or monuments of brass :
Others have marched in long funereal pride,
While silent myriads wept their hearse beside :
But Pitt has moistened eyes that could not mourn
Near his slow hearse or monumental urn, 426
And spread afar his never dying name,
Where pain and death alone have heralded his fame !
Now from *his scholars*, we of course expect
His systems copied, and with worse effect : 430
Their awkward hands will linger out our woe,
While he o'erthrew us at a single blow !

Soon as he ceased, Lord C-stl-r-gh arose :
Oh then how each sad Member blew his nose,
Yawn'd with the fear of thickly-coming words, 435
And sigh'd, and groan'd, and scrap'd the sandy
boards !

That was the hour, O Bellamy, for thee !
Then hiss'd the steak ! then steam'd the boiling tea !

LINE 437.—*That was the hour, O Bellamy, for thee !*

Then hiss'd the steak ! then steam'd the boiling tea !

“ Who has e'er been at ” the House of Commons, “ must needs

Then knives and forks began thy golden war !
And half the House came rushing to thy bar ! 440
Some Members slept, in lounging galleries stow'd,
And heav'd, like sufferers from a night-mare's load :
Some pinch'd their sides to keep themselves awake,
And others strove a note or two to take,
—In vain : for that which is not, who can see, 445
Or catch the sense of Viscount C-stl-r-gh ?
Vain were an effort what he spoke to tell :
More vain to write what part was spoken well :
Much did he say, that toward no purpose bore,
And much that oft was better said before : 450
Much of the good that Pitt had always done,
Much of the good himself had just begun :
He talk'd of matters which he did not know,
He called Charles Fox Great Britain's bitterest foe,
Nibbled the laurcs of that glorious head, 455
And raked the ashes of the mighty dead,

know" Mr. Bellamy's Coffee-rooms above stairs : into which, on the rising of a dull and prolix speaker, all the gallery, and a great part of the House *empty* themselves, in order to *fill* themselves.

LINE 443.—Some pinch'd their sides to keep themselves awake.

N. B. Those were the gentlemen who had the honour to be *under his Lordship's most immediate thumb.*

For three long hours he scorn'd the general cough,
And then, thank heaven he at last left off !

MR. WH-TBR-D.

Sir, I shall pass, as quite beyond my reach,
Most of that Noble Lord's *extensive speech.* 460
But, when I find him idly leaping back
To make a groundless unprovoked attack,
I feel inclined, I own, Sir, to defend
The injured memory of my much loved friend.
Sir, he survived through times of various trim, 465
But altering rulers never altered him.
He might have bartered truth for any meed,
But, Sir, he still preserved his early creed.
Let those, whose tongues can boast as pure a fame,
Come to this house, and heap his shade with
blame ! 470

When the thick tempests of ungentle fate
O'erhung the dark horizon of the State,
Like some tall beacon raised upon the rock
He stood unmoved amid the mighty shock,
Poured his broad light in guardian glory round, 475
And shone unclouded o'er the dark profound !
Led by that light, the Pilot of the day
In ease and safety might have steered his way,

Nor blindly brought us to the dreadful deep,
Where now we tremble as the whirlpools sweep ! 480

COUNSELLOR P-RC-V-L, *the new Financier.*

The King, Sir, has *retained me in this case*
—I mean has given me a financial place,
And if they *move to set us all aside*,
—I mean, if they should triumph in their pride,
I do but hold my newly-gained *commission* 485
De bene esse—that is, on condition.
I hoped, Sir, to have ended all dispute,
And to be now, at last, *made absolute* :
But ev'n the Duchy kept her stores from me
When most I hankered to be seized *in fee*. 490
Sir, this address I trust the House will carry :
I'm now *set down*, and want no *certiorari* :
And though in most law-scrapes my conscience
hack'd is,
Ejections never were my favourite practice.

LINE 481.—*The King, Sir, has retained me in this case—*
I mean has giv'n me a financial place.

Poor Mr. P-rc-v-l, very excusably, is a little awkward in his new robes, and like the tallow chandler, who, though he had retired to farming, came to shop on melting days, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, even on the treasury bench, most naturally slides into the language of the Courts,
—*et dulces reminiscitur Argos !*

Oh ! I forgot, Sir,—I must leave my pleadings 495
And *lay injunctions* on my tongue's proceedings ;
But, being new to Treasury affairs,
A word or two of Law will slip out unawares !

MR. W-NDH-M.

Sir, I by no means like this same Address :
Indeed I've seldom lik'd a measure less : 500
And if the House were happy in our fall,
The House were very silly, Sir, that's all.
I hope the House will not so quickly *slip*,
Nor slink like vermin from the sinking ship :
She'll *right* again, before we reach the shore, 505
And all will *go on swimmingly* once more.
But, Sir, I hear we have not long to sit,
Unless we truckle to the School of Pitt.
Sir, I should grieve for such a deep disaster,
But Jack, you know, Sir, differs from his master.
The proverb says, *Who will not when he may, 511*
Shall, when he will, be mortified with nay :
Now, when their master clos'd his mortal race,
Your new directors would not take a place :
They left *the dirty work* for us to do, 515
And *and now we've swept the shop*, they're coming
to.
Perhaps they wish to gain, Sir, for their party,
The lofty boast of meeting Bonaparte :

Then, though they shall have fail'd from certain causes,

Sir, *magnis tamen exciderunt ausis.*

520

Now shall their fertile schemes torment again

A poor Church-warden for a score of men,

Now shall their *vigorous plans* again reveal

Some *cunning crackers* on the coast of Deal,

Some trains for firing vessels under water,

525

And more such *tricks of speculative slaughter!*

DR. D—G-N-N.

Sir, I intend *opposing opposition,*

Because I hate the Catholic Petition.

LINE 525.—*And more such tricks of speculative slaughter.*

Mr. W-ndh-m, who, with a peculiar turn of rich humour, and a fortunate aptitude of quotation, can fly, in a moment, from the sublime to the familiar, was most particularly able in his opposition to the despicable schemes which were practised by the two administrations that preceded his own. The very easy and colloquial manner in which he on many occasions delivers himself, gives remarkable point to the attacks, which, even in any body's mouth, would be formidable, against such measures as the memorable Parish Bill, the Stone Expedition, or that most nefarious as well as most impolitic of all projects, the attempt to destroy privately the armaments of our enemies! If such measures are to be adopted, what is to become of England's honour—or, which is more important to Ministers that mean to keep their places, what is to become of England's naval superiority? For if we carry squibs under water and blow up fleets, the secret will soon be found out by our enemies also, and then, of what avail will be the boasted skill and courage of our unequalled seamen?

And when I see the growth of such an ill
Faith, Mr. Speaker, who'd stand sitting still? 530
 The Catholics desire our overthrow :
 So says the Church, *two hundred years ago* :
 And as to all their loyalty and stuff,
 Och ! I don't value them a pinch of snuff :
 And, but for law, *och ! sorrow to their soul,* 535
I'd take a firebrand, faith, and burn the whole !

MR. GR-TT-N.

Sir, I oppose these plans, and those who made
 them,
 For the same cause that bids that Doctor aid them.
 I rather wish to stretch a guardian hand,
 And ward the wrongs that scourge my native land :
 I mourn her city thinn'd, her ravag'd coast, 541
 Her sons enthralled, her independence lost !

*LINE 541.—I mourn her city thinn'd, her ravag'd coast,
 Her sons enthralled, her independence lost !*

This is not a place in which to enter upon a long detail of the advantages and disadvantages which Ireland may hereafter derive from the union : but this at least seems tolerably evident, that when she surrendered much that was most valuable for certain *immediate* considerations, those considerations ought to have been paid to her. The populace of Ireland were to be appeased—and Ireland is now in commotion. The wealth of Ireland was to be increased : and its wealth has been exported. The Catholics were to have been

Much-injured Erin ! though the billows steep,
And nature smiles, around they verdant steep,

emancipated—and the Catholics have basely been abandoned. The country of Ireland is now before our eyes, a painful and dangerous memorial of ministerial ambition and British fallacy. Her noble families, once the sources of her wealth, as they were the supports of her grandeur, have emigrated to England, in the train of their delegated Parliament. They have been obliged to abandon the city of Dublin, the capital that was endeared to them by early habits, by associations which have grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, by the influence and respect which they commanded, by the benefits and opulence which they diffused, and by the grandeur of hereditary nobility. These sorrows may seem but imaginary—It matters not. Call them imagination—prejudice, if you will—but while human happiness depends upon imagination, or even prejudice, whatever wounds the fine membrane of our feeling, or injures the web that imagination has spun around us, does in truth, whether or not our external condition be deteriorated, does in truth inflict upon us real evil in depriving us of ideal good. And now the only vestiges remaining of that legislature, which once directed the government of districts, and gave life and motion to the interests of millions, the only vestiges remaining must be traced in—a hundred members, who are sent to England, and who, surviving their country's existence, sit, as Mr. Gr-tt-n has forcibly said, “the Images of Degradation, and “the representatives of nothing !”

The Irish Opposition have been compared to the sea in a storm. In the great tempest in which their country was embarked, they did indeed raise all their waters and collect all their terrors to encompass and preserve her : but in vain ! The Orb of Liberty which dawned from their bosom was fated to sink amid their waves : and it went down with a mighty sound, as the ancients have fabled that in the western seas, the sun is heard to extinguish his fires, and hiss to the bottom of the ocean. Long will that sound reverberate in the ears

Yet o'er the range of all thy lovely shores, 545
 The lightning flashes and the thunder roars :
 Against thy sons a strange religion fights,
 And God and conscience shove them from their
 rights !
 Much-injured Erin ! in thy grassy dells
 Though no brute reptile arm'd with venom dwells,

of Irishmen : long will the recollection of it continue to remind them that they once were free : and may its warnings at length induce this country to pay the stipulated price of all the sacrifices that have been made by her sister nation ! It matters not whether, *ffify years hence*, Ireland and England may derive mutual advantages from the operation of a union—the question is, whether Ireland shall be paid for her *immediate* surrenders ? There seems little doubt that a union must be ultimately beneficial to both parties : but it is as little doubtful that in the meantime the sufferings of Ireland have been deep and mortifying. Something should be conceded to her—her bargain should be preserved—she has a right to the Emancipation of the Catholics. In the mean time let not the defenders of their country be aspersed as breeders of sedition, when they are only demanding justice. Let them persevere in their manly course, and even though they fail in their object, they must have the reward of immortality from their native land. If those heroes who have lived or died in the cause of their country be ever remembered by grateful posterity, the names of Charlemont and G-rtt-n, of Leinster and of C-rr-n, must always be recorded with proudest satisfaction, in the pages of historians who shall celebrate their greatness, and in the traditional tales of a people whom they could not preserve !

*LINE 549.—Much injur'd Erin ! in thy grassy dells
 Though no brute reptile arm'd with venom dwells.*

It is said by the naturalists of Ireland, that no venomous reptile ever breeds there.

Yet human force has darted swift and far 551

The poisoned arrows of a civil war,
Has crushed thy spirit, driven thy friends to fly,
And bent thee double, to despair and die !

Yet, yet, O England, lend the wish'd for aid, 555
Heal the rank wounds thy bigotry has made,
To British men let British rights be given,
And leave their conscience to the care of heaven !

Next, Mr. F-ll-r, in a long oration,
Discussed all matters that concerned the nation, 560
Said, that the slave trade was a *real good*,
That negroes were *not Christian Flesh and Blood*,
That spite of Jena's or Marengo's falls,
England's best bulwarks were her wooden walls,
That, by the glorious act of revolution, 565
King, Lords, and Commons, formed the constitution,
And that the things which *keep us safe o'nights*,
Are Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.
Said, he himself was *true to honour's call*,
And after speaking of B-rd-tt and P—ll, 570
Observed that he should, *on these grounds alone*,
Vote for the motion to address the throne.

LINE 570.—*Observed that he should, on these grounds alone,*
Vote for the motion to address the throne.

Woe to that imprudent wight, who shall go to the House of Com-

MR. SH-R-D-N.

Sir, when I view the fresh administration,
 I must congratulate this lucky nation !
 E'en those, who think all other prospects frightful,
 Must own their choice of Chancellors delightful !
 One, though a lawyer bred, yet, strange to say, 577
 Talks of his conscience every other day.
 Who can refrain from laughing at such nonsense ?
 Or trust a Chancellor who talks of conscience ? 580
 If such poor scruples move the simple elf,
 Why can't he keep his weakness to himself ?
 Besides, he holds the Sovereign's conscience too :
 And sure one conscience at a time will do !
 Their other Chancellor as ill they choose— 585
 Th' Exchequer should be given to Mother Goose :
 This little Goose, for all her simple face,
 Has filled the treasury of another place,

mons in order to judge for himself, whether the foregoing specimen of Mr. F-ll-r's oratory be correct or not.

*LINE 587.—This little Goose, for all her simple face,
 Has filled the treasury of another place.*

The Covent-Garden Proprietors, who have gained so much money by the celebrated Pantomime of *Mother Goose*, have this advantage over those who stand *behind the scenes*, as *managers* of Cabinets, that the former have been able, at least in this instance, to *make the public take its geese for swans*.

And, among these, if she but bring the pence,
Lord ! One Goose more can make no difference !
Throughout my long and arduous career, 591
My seat has been, Sir, almost always here,
(*pointing to the opposition benches.*)
And almost always have my voice and vote
Oppos'd the measures Mr. Pitt has brought :
Pitt squeezed us close, it's true, to make a dash :
But then he gave good speeches for our cash: 596
Yet he's so far beyond his pupils reach,
Not one among them can compose a speech !
Pitt's pupils still want aids to cope with France,
For they despise my noble friend's finance, 600
But sure John Bull will never think it funny
To pay so much, with nothing for his money.
When Pitt would trick us into something ill,
He clapped some gilding on the filthy pill :
These bitter quacks present their bolus naked 605
We cry it's nasty—but they make us take it.
“ With Pitt,” say they, “ we lived apprentices ; ”
But what they learnt of him, I ne'er could guess :
Now that they set up business for themselves,
How we shall pay, to store their drawers and shelves !
The mighty Pitt, amidst our darkest days, 611
Shone with a bright and meteoric blaze :

And though his light was fated to consume
It led us on with glory to the tomb !

But the small glimm' rings these pretenders show,
Like Jacks o'-Lantern whisk us to and fro, 616
O'er hedge and ditch, through fen, and marsh, and
flood,

And leave us fixed at last, to perish in the mud !

Nor let them trust the rumours of the hour
That aid is coming from a higher power. 620

Has *he* so long been labouring to maintain
The real glory of his father's reign,
And shall he now, to carry private ends,
Desert the standard of his early friends ?

No !—when the fates at length shall cut the string
That binds the being of a gracious King, 626

The radiant virtues of the royal son,
Shall soothe our sorrow for the parent gone,
Shall fit his mind to prop a sliding age,
And bid him live, a hero, and a sage !

Sir, as men think that boasting is a sin,
I will not boast of what we did when in ;
But this I may declare without a fear,
We make our exit with a conscience clear.

With perfect justice, many men, no doubt, 635
For what they *have done*, have been ordered out,

But really, Sir, it seems a little new,
 To turn men out for what they *shall not do*.
 For the mean time it cannot be expected
 That we should vote for plans against ourselves
 directed. 640

And here to speak a hundred members tried,
 But “Question, question,” rang on every side,
 And Ministers, well stor’d with fruitful show’rs
 Of fattening places and of golden powers,
 O’ercame by help of passion week between, 645
 The strongest opposition ever seen.
 And, out of doors, with these the country stood :
 The strong in talent and the great in blood.
 Among the peers in vain the rulers seek
 A force sufficient for a cause so weak, 650
 Lord H-wk-sb-ry there led on a puny band,
 R-d-sd-le and Ch-th-m, C-md-n, W-stm-r-l-nd,
 With Lords, in royal bed-rooms who do penance,
 And some aspiring county Lords Lieutenants !

But vainly, Gr-nv-lle, did they hope to find 655
 A match in P-rtl-nd for thy lofty mind,

LINE 653.—*With Lords, in Royal bed-rooms who do penance.*

How a footman must pity a L-rd of the B-dch-mb-r ! It must indeed
 be a nasty business, to do all a K-ng’s little jobs !

And vainly, Ersk-ne, did they strive to gain
 A fit successor for thy strenuous reign.
 This realm shall long regret with saddest tongue
 A breast so ardent and a mind so strong, 660
 Th' oppressed shall mourn thy swiftness to decide,
 Thy glittering genius never dimmed by pride—
 And freedom, saved by thy rhetoric art,
 Shall stamp thy fame, the Poet of the Heart !

How can I leave unsung brave Moira's fame, 665
 Or generous Holland's bright and classic name !
 O'er lofty Stafford drop the careless veil,
 Or pass the praise of zealous Lauderdale ?
 Ye patriot few ! your country's best redoubt ! 669
 Who strongly stand against th' encroaching rout,
 More lasting works shall paint your troublous age,
 And trace your glories on th' historic page.
 Enough for me, while yet your fame is young,
 To add my mite of transitory song,
 Blest, if the strain where fiction does not dwell, 675
 May claim the glory of a poet's shell !

*LINE 675.—Blest, if the strain where fiction does not dwell,
 May gain the glory of a poet's shell !*

The author of the foregoing work is unconscious that fiction has
 obtruded itself any where, except in that part of the poem which

plainly bespeaks itself the mere product of imagination. He has contended for principles, and if he has illustrated them by example, he has endeavoured to do it seriously where he has approved, and gaily where he has disliked. He calls no one a scoundrel or a block-head: if any man, from the perusal of his own sentiments, conceive himself to be either the one or the other, Conscience is to blame and not the Author. He has endeavoured to shew the value of what the country has lost: and to point out the inefficiency of persons, who in the midst of public calamity, lie snoring on what they call their bed of roses: as the careless sailor-boy, who ought to be employed upon the rigging, slumbers at the mainmast-head, while the elements are in commotion around him.

